

BY THE SEA.

I sat by the sea when the sun shone bright
And flooded its depths with a blaze of light.
And the golden shen and emerald green
Like gems in the crown of a fairy queen
Flashed forth in glittering splendor;
And the soft winds sighed o'er the shin-
ing tide.
And the murmuring waves to the breeze
replied.
In tones that were low and tender.
I stood by the sea when the moon was high,
And the stars shone out from the midnight
sky.
And a wondrous sight was that shimmering
light
That flashed from the crests of the surges
bright.
Like stars in trembling motion;
And the moon's soft ray on the waters lay,
And its gleaming track made a bright
highway
Across the slumbering ocean.
I stood by the sea when the lightning
flashed,
And the waves ran high, and the thun-
der crashed,
And the blinding spray, that was dashed
away.
By the howling wind, in the furious fray
Brought death to the hardy toiler;
When his ship at last by the stormy blast,
A dismantled wreck on the rocks was cast,
A prey to the ruthless spoiler.

The beautiful sea! The treacherous sea!
A joy and a terror it is to me;
A beautiful sight, by day or by night,
Is the tranquil sea, by whose margin bright
The fisherman loves to wander;
A terrible thing when its rage doth bring
The angel of death with his sable wing
To darken the homesteads yonder.
—W. C. Newsam, in Golden Days.

THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE
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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

When the reporter came within sight
of the safe, Dunlap was closely inspect-
ing the lock. Presently he uttered an
exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" asked Sturgis.
"I don't understand it," said Dunlap.
"I cannot open the safe. The lock
seems all right; but—"

"Perhaps the combination has been
changed."

"Apparently it has," admitted the
banker; "but how came it to be changed
on a week day, and without my knowl-
edge?"

"That is rather significant, isn't it?"
suggested the reporter.

"Significant? What do you mean?"
exclaimed Dunlap, excitedly.

"I mean that Arbogast was a de-
faulter. What his system of defraud-
ing the bank was I do not yet know;
but an examination of the books will
no doubt reveal this; and I should ad-
vise you, Mr. Dunlap, to lose no time
in having it made."

"But," argued Dunlap, anxiously, "I
tell you the books were examined last
week."

"Yes; by Arbogast's accomplice."

"What, Chatham his accomplice?"
exclaimed Dunlap, faintly.

"Chatham was in the plot beyond a
doubt," answered Sturgis. "So long as
no one had access to the books except
his accomplice Chatham, of course Ar-
bogast felt secure. But when, yester-
day, the announcement was made that
after the beginning of the new year his
books would pass to the custody of an-
other man, he saw that the game was
up."

The men had returned to the presi-
dent's office.

"Those are his very words," contin-
ued the reporter; "those he telegraphed
to Chatham yesterday, as you will see
if you hold before that mirror this
sheet of blotting paper which I found
on Arbogast's desk."

Dunlap, with an unsteady hand, took
the blotting paper; and, holding it be-
fore the glass, studied the reflection
intently.

"What do you make out?" asked
Sturgis.

"Nothing whatever," replied the
banker, promptly.

"What?" exclaimed the reporter;
"do you mean to say that you do not
distinguish any marks on the blotting
paper?"

"I mean to say that I do not see any-
thing to which I can attach any sem-
blance of a meaning. The blotting pa-
per has been used, and, of course,
there are ink marks upon it; but, as far
as I can see, these are wholly dis-
connected. They are entirely void of
sense to my eyes, at any rate."

"Examine the blotter again care-
fully in this direction," said Sturgis,
drawing an imaginary line upon the
mirror, "and pay no attention to any
other marks which seem to cross these
lines. Now do you see anything?"

The banker examined the image in
the mirror for some time before reply-
ing.

"If I allow my imagination to enter
into play, I can complete several iso-
lated letters."

"Will you dictate these while I note
them here. Be careful to distinguish
between capital and lower-case letters.
Also separate the lines, and state
whether letters come close together
or are separated by a space."

"Very well," agreed Dunlap, who
then proceeded to read off the letters
he saw in the reflection of the blotter
in the mirror.

When he had finished, Sturgis hand-
ed him the paper, upon which were
transcribed the letters he had dictated.
They presented the appearance shown
below:

s Ch m D 1 6
G e p t y m y s
s r r y J g t

"Well," said the banker, "if you can
make anything out of that gibberish,
your imagination is more active than
mine."

"It is not a question of imagination,"
said Sturgis; "let us proceed systemat-
ically. Here is a telegram blank de-
tached from a pad I found on Arbo-
gast's desk. Compare its size with the

outline of the marks on the blotter,
and you will see, in the first place, that
the message would just fit snugly on
this sheet. Next, you will probably
admit that the first line of marks on the
blotter probably contain a date; the
second, a name; the third, an address;
the last, a signature, and the interme-
diate lines, a message."

"I am quite willing to concede so
much; for no business man would be
likely to write a telegram differently."

"Very well. Now, then, let me hold
this blank so that the reflection of its
vertical rulings may appear just above
the image of the message. These lines,
remember, separate the words of the
message. Extend them mentally, and
note how they divide the letters of the
blotter. Will you hold these sheets
while I transcribe the result?"

In a few minutes more the reporter
had drawn several lines on his copy of
the reflection in the mirror.

"I don't see that you are any better
off now than you were before," re-
marked Dunlap, examining the result.

"Wait a minute. These vertical lines,
we say, divide the words of the message.
There are five words to the line; only
two on the last line before the signa-
ture; that is to say, 12 words in the
message. Now, consider the first
word. Evidently the 'G' begins this
word since it is a capital; and the flourish
on the tail of the 'e' tells us plain-
ly enough where the word ends. Note
the space between the 'G' and the 'e'.
Have you ever taken the trouble to as-
certain how constant in any given
handwriting is the space occupied by
the different letters? Try it some time.
Count the characters which you have
written in a number of different lines,
reckoning spaces and punctuation
marks each as one character, and ob-
serve how closely the results will
tally. Basing my conclusions on this
fact, I may safely affirm that the
first word of the message is 'Game'.
'Gave,' 'Give,' or some other word of
four letters beginning with 'G' and
ending with 'e'. I shall proceed to fill
up the balance of the message as I
read it between the letters."

Sturgis wrote slowly and carefully
for a few minutes.

"There; behold the result."

The message had now assumed this
form:

Thomas Chatham, Dec. 31, 1896.
Game up. Meet me to-day
corner South and Wall streets
J. W. Arbogast.

"Compare this with the reflection of
the original and tell me if you do not
now detect various isolated marks and
incomplete letters, all of which tally
with the text I have inserted here."

Dunlap made the comparison.

"I am obliged to admit that your
conclusions now appear plausible," he re-
luctantly admitted.

Sturgis shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, call them plausible, and let us
proceed. Chatham kept the appoint-
ment yesterday; but for some reason
Arbogast was delayed in leaving the
bank. Perhaps the necessary prepara-
tions for his flight took longer than he
expected."

"You think he intended to abscond?"

"Why should he have changed the
combination of his safe, as he did, if not

to give himself as much time as possible
to reach a place of comparative safety
before the books could be examined?"

asked Sturgis. "Chatham, becoming
impatient, forgot the dictates of prudence
and started for the bank to as-
certain the cause of his accomplice's
delay. He met Arbogast at the Wall
street door. The two men reentered,
Arbogast setting down his satchel in the
vestibule and leaving the outer
door ajar, as Quinlan found it a few
minutes later, when he stole the satchel.
I have every reason to believe that
it was at Chatham's request that the
men returned. He wished to use the
telephone, and he did so."

"Your story is connected, and it is
certainly not lacking in details," said
Dunlap, incredulously; "in fact, the de-
tails are far too abundant for the evi-
dence thus far advanced."

"Every one of the details is based up-
on facts," replied Sturgis. "What I
have accomplished thus far has been
simple enough, because luck has fa-
vored us. Yesterday being cleaning
day at the bank, the floors were
scrubbed some time during the after-
noon, before Arbogast was ready to
leave and before Chatham had arrived.
It thus happens that almost every
footstep of the two men has remained
faintly but distinctly outlined upon the
wet floors, which have since dried, pre-
serving the record. The detectives last
night obliterated a portion of this re-
cord, but they have left traces enough
for our purpose. If you care to crawl
around on all fours as I did you can
readily distinguish these traces for
yourself."

"No, thank you," answered the bank-

er. "I prefer to take your word for this
part of the evidence."

"Then I shall resume my story," said
Sturgis. "The footprints show that
Arbogast stood at his desk while the
scrubbing was going on. We may safely
say it was after half-past four
o'clock when he started to leave the
bank; for otherwise it is presumable
that Chatham would have waited for
him at the corner of South and Wall
streets, as he was asked to do in the
bookkeeper's telegram. He first
walked over to the safe and closed it,
changing the combination, so that the
lock could not be opened until he had
had a fair start. Next he went to the
clerk's room for his hat and coat and
for the satchel in which he had packed
just the few necessities for immediate
use in his flight. He started to leave
the building through the Exchange
place door; but probably remembered
that the Wall street door was not
locked, and went back to lock it. As
he was about to close the outer door,
Chatham arrived on the scene, and the
two men reentered, as we have already
seen. The footprints tell their story
fully and absolutely, their chronolog-
ical order being established by the oc-
casional obliteration of a footprint in
one trail by another in a subsequent
trail. The two men walked back into
the room in which we now are. Their
actions after this will be clearer to you
if you will follow on this diagram."

CHAPTER XI.
A RECONSTRUCTED DRAMA.

As he spoke, Sturgis handed Dunlap
the sheet of paper upon which he had
traced a plan of the Knickerbocker
bank.

"From this point on," he continued,
"I have indicated the various trails on
the diagram. The dotted lines repre-
sent Arbogast's footprints; the contin-
uous lines show Chatham's trail."

"How can you distinguish between
the two?" inquired Dunlap.

"There is no difficulty about that,"
replied Sturgis. "The differences are
very marked. I know Arbogast's foot
because I have seen it; and I know
that the other one is Chatham's be-
cause you recognized the man from
the description I gave of him."

"Yes, I know. But how could you
describe him so accurately when you
have never seen him?"

"I shall come to that presently," said
Sturgis, smiling; "you must let me
tell my story in my own way, if I am
to tell it connectedly."

"Very well," said the banker, resign-
edly. "Hold on, though," he ex-
claimed; "you speak of two sets of
trails; but what is this third set of
lines, marked by alternate dots and
dashes?"

"They represent the traces of a third
individual, who will appear upon the
scene later on. He has not yet re-
ceived his cue. But, since you mention
him, we may put him down in the cast
as 'X,' the unknown quantity of the
problem; for I do not yet know his
name. Now, then; let me see, where
was I? Your interruption has made
me lose the thread. Oh, yes; the men
were in this room. Arbogast, nervous
and excited, paced back and forth,
like a caged animal. Chatham was
more collected. It was warm in the
bank, as compared with the intense
cold outside; he removed his overcoat
and threw it over the back of that
chair in the corner. This fact is
shown by the direction of the foot-
steps toward the chair, and by a mark di-
rectly below the arm of the chair
where the garment trailed upon the
wet floor. Chatham's carelessness was
fraught with serious consequences;
for, as luck would have it, there was,
in one of the pockets of his coat, an
important letter, which slipped out
and fell upon the floor superscription
uppermost. Here is the envelope it-
self, which I have pieced together.
You will see that it is soiled only upon
the back, and here near the chair is
the faint oblong mark which is left
upon the floor. Chatham went to the
telephone in the cashier's office. He
probably did not see the letter fall.
It caught Arbogast's eye, however;
and you can imagine his surprise when
he saw that it was addressed to his
wife. What had his accomplice
written to his wife? Arbogast evidently
was not restrained by any feelings of
delicacy in the matter, or else he was
already suspicious of Chatham; for
he picked up the envelope, tore it open,
and read the letter which lies before
you, as I have pieced it together. It
makes interesting reading. I do not
wonder that Arbogast lost his head
when he saw it. Read it for yourself."

"Why," exclaimed Dunlap, after read-
ing the letter, "this announces his in-
tention of committing suicide."

"Precisely; and yet Arbogast did not
commit suicide; probably never had
any intention of doing so; and, at any
rate, did not write that letter. You
will observe that it is not signed; the
name is typewritten, like the rest of the
letter, which, moreover, was not writ-
ten here, as the superscription would
seem to indicate. I have tried your
typewriter, and although it is of the
same make as the one upon which this
letter was written, there are several
characteristic differences in the align-
ment and in the imperfections of the
type."

"Besides," continued Sturgis,
thoughtfully, "the letter itself bears
evidence, on its face, that it could not
have been written by Arbogast. Your
bookkeeper was of a weak, nervous, ex-
citable temperament, as all his actions
plainly show. Before such a man is
brought to the point of taking his own
life, he must have passed through a
more or less protracted period of ag-
onizing nervous tension, of which you
and I can hardly form any adequate
conception. Under the circumstances,
if he loved his wife, conscious that by
his guilt he was about to plunge her
into the depths of grief and shame, he
might have written her an incoherent
and hysterical letter, or a tender and
repentant letter, but never this frigid,
matter-of-fact statement of a supreme

decision. This letter is the work of a
cold and calculating nature, incapable
of ordinary human feeling. The man
who wrote it would not have written
to his wife at all, or would have written
only to serve some selfish purpose.
From what I know of Arbogast, I do
not believe he was capable of compos-
ing these lines."

"You think, then, that the letter was
written by Chatham," said Dunlap.
"But what object could Chatham have
for writing such a letter?"

"No," answered Sturgis. "I do not
think that Chatham wrote this letter.
That is the curious part of it. I cannot
believe that if Chatham had been
aware of the important nature of its
contents, he could have been willing to
leave it for an instant within Arbo-
gast's reach."

"But who, then, could have been its
author, and why should he have in-
trusted the letter to Chatham?"

"To your second question, my answer
is, probably because he wanted it
mailed from the main post office at
about the time that Arbogast would
leave the bank. To the first, I cannot
yet give any positive answer, although,
as you will presently see, there are
some clues pointing to our unknown
quantity 'X' as the author of this let-
ter. But let us not anticipate. Suppose
we return to our drama. When Arbo-
gast read this letter, he evidently
thought, as I do, that somebody was
playing him false; that he was to be
gotten rid of in some safer way than
exile; in short, that, as somebody said
of one of the Turkish sultans, he was to
be 'suicided.' He must have had strong
reasons to suspect Chatham of treach-
ery; for he at once impulsively jumped
to the conclusion that his only chance
of safety lay in striking before he
could be struck. At any rate, while the
accountant was busy at the telephone,
Arbogast stood near this desk, mechan-
ically tearing to pieces this letter,
while he planned the accountant's
death. He had taken with him his re-
volver. As the thought of it flashed
upon his mind, his resolution was in-
stantly taken. He stealthily crept to
the paying teller's wicket. Through it
he could see the telephone closet, the
door of which stood open. Chatham
was in direct range, as Arbogast raised
the pistol, and, without a word of warn-
ing, fired. The accountant held the re-
ceiver of the telephone to his ear. This
saved his life; for the bullet entered his
left hand and remained embedded in
his flesh. When the bullet struck him,
Chatham fell backward, striking his head
against a corner of the telephone
box, and inflicting a slight scalp
wound. I found a few hairs of an
intensely red hue, which are evidently
his. I also found shreds of his cloth-
ing which caught on a projecting nail
as he fell; and I infer from these his
taste for loud dress. He recovered
himself before Arbogast was ready to
fire a second time and ran into the
clerk's room, probably hoping to make
his way to the street through the
Exchange Place door. But at the
same time, Arbogast rushed through
the reception room and this office,
reaching the vestibule in time to head
off Chatham, who then turned back
and ran through the secretary's room,
with Arbogast in pursuit.
[To Be Continued.]

SHE SAW IT FIRST.

A Philadelphia Teamster Who
Proved Himself a Chesterfield
in Manners.

He was only a teamster, but his
soul was filled with a chivalry which
we are led to believe typified the
knights of old. And in a coat of
mail he might have passed muster,
for he was a big, brawny chap, with
no little physical beauty of the rough
sort, says the Philadelphia Record.

As he guided his heavy drag down
Market street hill the other morning
one of the horses slipped in the icy
street, and in his effort to recover
his equilibrium lost a shoe. Putting
the brake down hard, the driver
jumped from his seat to recover the
shoe.

But, quick as he was another claim-
ant was ahead of him. She was a
fashionably attired young girl of
about 18, with a roguish, laughing
face. Just as the teamster leaned over
to pick up the horseshoe a dainty-
gloved little hand reached in ahead
of his big red one and clutched the
coveted prize.

"I got it first," she cried, laughing
gleefully. "Let me keep it, do, please.
It's such good luck if you see it come
off yourself."

The big teamster removed his fur
cap and bowed with Chesterfieldian
grace. "Certainly, miss," he replied,
gallantly, "if I can assist you to good
luck I shall be most happy."

Then, quite unabashed, he climbed
up to his seat, and the girl walked up
the hill with the horseshoe.

Animal Gintons.

Most people, if asked what animal
eats the most, would probably say the
lion or tiger. This is quite a mis-
take, says the London Daily Mail.
Thirty to forty pounds of flesh will
satisfy a lion, which, as an average
specimen weighs over 450 pounds. Is
by no means extravagant. A bear has
much more capacity than a lion and
can make away with a small pig at
a meal, say half a hundredweight of
meat. Wolves are among the hungr-
iest of the larger carnivores. A wolf
will starve for a fortnight, and then eat
a third of his own weight at a single
meal.

That Was Unreasonable.

"Well," said Mr. Giddings, at length,
"I'd buy a typewriter from you if you
would give me the proper sort of guar-
antee."

"I give you every guarantee in rea-
son," said the agent. "What do you
want?"

"I wish you to guarantee that it will
spell correctly."—Town Topics.

FALLING HAIR



Save Your Hair with
Shampoos of
Cuticura
SOAP

And light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of
emollient skin cures. This treatment at once
stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and
dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces,
stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots
with energy and nourishment, and makes the
hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy
scalp when all else fails.

Millions of Women

Use CUTICURA SOAP exclusively for preserving, purifying, and beautifying
the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stop-
ping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing, red, rough, and
sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and chafings, or
too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weak-
nesses, and for many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves
to women, and especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet,
bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once
used it to use any other, especially for preserving and purifying the skin,
scalp, and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate
emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the
purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odors. No
other medicated soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for pre-
serving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No
other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared
with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it com-
bines, in ONE SOAP AT ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the BEST
skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and BEST baby soap in the world.

All that has been said of CUTICURA SOAP may be said with even greater emphasis
of CUTICURA Ointment, the most delicate, and yet most effective of emollients, and
greatest of skin cures. Its use in connection with CUTICURA SOAP (as per directions
around each package), in the "ONE NIGHT CURE FOR SORE HANDS," in the
"INSTANT RELIEF TREATMENT FOR DISFIGURING ITCHINGS AND IRRITATIONS,"
and in many uses too numerous to mention, is sufficient to prove its superiority
over all other preparations for the skin.

Cuticura Complete External and Internal Treatment for every Humor,
consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.) to cleanse the skin of crusts and
scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.)
to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and
heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.) to cool and cleanse the blood,
and in many uses too numerous to mention, is sufficient to prove its superiority
over all other preparations for the skin.

The Set, \$1.25
A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring and humiliating skin,
scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. PORTER DRUG AND CHAM-
BERLAIN, Sole Proprietors, Boston. "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.

There is no end of
Old Virginia Cheroots
to waste, as there is no finished end to
cut off and throw away. When you
buy three Old Virginia Cheroots for
five cents, you have more to smoke,
and of better quality, than you have
when you pay fifteen cents for three
Five Cent cigars.
Three hundred million Old Virginia Cheroots smoked this
year. Ask your own dealer. Price, 3 for 5 cents.



DR. FAIRCHILD.

Geo. T. Fairchild, LL. D., has corresponded with many of our new students, and they will be glad to see his face. Dr. Fairchild is an educator of national reputation. His brother, James H. Fairchild, was president of Oberlin College. Dr. Fairchild began his college work as Professor of English Literature in the State Agricultural College of Michigan. Thence he was called to the Presidency of the State Agricultural College of Kansas, an institution which attained a great growth and reputation under his management. When the Populists got control of Kansas they turned out the entire Faculty of the Agricultural College, and a year later Dr. Fairchild came to Berea. He has just written an important book, published by the MacMillan Co., entitled "Rural Wealth and Welfare."

For Northern Students.

It is an unusual thing for young people to go southward in quest of an education. But every new discovery, invention, and improvement is, at first, unusual!

In general it has been true that the greatest advantages were to be found at the North, but it is easy to see how Berea College is an exception.

In the first place it is not really in the South, but only in the true temperate zone, 130 miles from Cincinnati, sixteen hours ride from Cleveland, and in a most delightful climate.

In the second place Berea represents the progressive, and not the old mistaken South. It was founded by anti-slavery Southerners, and its teachers are nearly all graduates of leading Northern schools. The Berea atmosphere is not distinctly Northern or Southern, but national—American, and it is a real gain to a young person from the North to step across "sectional lines" a bit! Our history classes make excursions to the site of Daniel Boone's fort, and the battlefield of Richmond, and every student gains something from contact with the varied social life of the South.

The picturesque surroundings are a legitimate attraction, and our classes in Geology, Botany, and other sciences have a field for exploration, which is nowhere excelled.

The great attraction of Berea, however, is its thorough instruction, secured by well-planned courses of study, and an unusually able body of teachers. Everything at Berea is genuine. We do not undertake to do anything except what we can do well. Hence we have no law or medical department, and no fancy "electives." The training of specialists we do not undertake. But we offer general education of the best quality, with good apparatus and up-to-date methods.

Berea has not sought for Northern students to any great extent, but more and more are coming this way, and those who have been here have done remarkably well. Our graduates who have gone to the real Universities for professional study have without exception taken their places in the front rank.



MISS ROBINSON, LADY PRINCIPAL.

And a school where one can be respectable, and have all the best advantages, without having or spending too much money, will be a blessing to thousands of families. The natural cost of living is low in this region, and we avoid many of the foolish extravagances of the "gilt-edged" colleges. One hundred dollars a year will enable one to have a year's schooling at Berea, and live in comfort, while three or four hundred dollars would hardly enable one to sneak through a year at one of the more expensive colleges, with deprivations which would take away half the value of the studies.

As these advantages become known there will be increasing numbers who will seek Berea with its "Northern advantages in Southern mountain climate," at a cost which makes it "cheaper than to stay at home!"

Now or Never.

Look Before You Leap— But Leap!

My Dear Young Friend:

You are between fifteen and twenty-one years old, and have had some education in the public schools. You have good average brains. And you have a general purpose to be decent and respectable.

Let me ask you a question—Have you any real purpose in life? Do you intend to amount to something, to accomplish something, to be something in the world? Or are you content to drift along and never rise above the average?

Let me tell you these things:

First, it is a terrible mistake, loss, and shame to be only an average person if it is in you to be something better.

Second, if you are resolved to amount to something the first step is education. Grind your ax before you set to work. Find out the lay of the land before you start to run. Whatever you wish to bring to pass, first invest in yourself by getting knowledge and brain-power.

Third, if you are ever going to get further education the time to do so is now. I know hundreds of people who regret the fact that they neglected to secure an education when they stood where you stand to-day. But I have never known one who regretted any education they had acquired, no matter how much it cost them.

I would like to hear from you, and talk over your plans.

With best wishes,

Wm. Goodell Frost.

Correspondence

Rockcastle County.

Disputants.

We had a good rain Friday night. Robert Shearer returned home from Illinois, Saturday, Aug. 18.

Crows and squirrels are doing considerable damage to corn crops.

Withers.

Corn is plentiful in this district this year.

Our Sunday-school had a good attendance last Sunday.

Our school is doing excellent work, with a large attendance.

The big stone quarry here has closed down this year. They report a profitable season.

Miss Lucy Robinson, of College Hill, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charley Mullins, of this place.

We were delighted last week to have Bro. Fee and Rev. Derthick, of Berea, visit and preach for us.

We are very glad to learn that Messrs. Will and Fred Mullins with W. B. Sigman and others of this district are expecting to attend Berea College this year.

Madison County.

Panola.

C. C. Pearson and family are visiting friends here.

Miss Emmalee Sowers, of Whitlock, is visiting her sister Mrs. John Ledford.

Misses Cora and Sofa Benton visited friends and relatives here last week.

George Johnstone has taken his brother's place for a few days in the Western Union office here.

Clay County.

Bright Shade.

Joseph Smith sold two fine mules for \$250.

Elijah Eversole and wife were here recently.

Wm. Swafford, of Ogle, visited friends here last week.

Miller and Jessie Smith, of Laurel county, were here last week.

Andrew Manan visited his home near here Saturday and Sunday.

Owsley County.

Gabbard.

Having plenty of rain.

A. C. Gabbard, of Booneville, was here Tuesday.

A. J. Chandler is preparing to build a new dwelling.

L. C. Roberts went to Tallega Friday after goods.

James Gabbard was the guest of Delaine and Leander Bolin, Sunday.

Henry Gabbard, Jr., visited relatives on Cow Creek Saturday and Sunday.

Herbine is well adapted to the cure of fevers of all kinds, because it thoroughly cleanses the stomach and bowels of all bilious humors, and expels all impure secretions of the body. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Jackson County.

Kerby Knob.

Hot weather.

A number of our people attended the Berea Fair.

Sunday-school is progressing nicely at this place.

A party of young folks visited the caves last Sunday.

The teachers' association will be held at Blanton Flat, Sept. 15.

Leonard Garrett and wife, of Hamilton, O., are visiting relatives at this place.

Thomas Gayhart and wife, and Mrs. Wm. Jones were the guests of Mr. Nathan Williams last Sunday.

Rev. Lunsford, who held a week's meeting at this place, began a series of meetings at Cave Spring Sunday.

A free and easy expectation is produced by a few doses of Coussens' Honey of Tar, in all cases of Hoarse-Sore Throat, or difficulty in breathing. Price 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Lee Co. Teachers' Association.

The Teachers' Association of Lee county will be held at Lee City, Friday, Sept. 7, with the following program:

Salutary Address, R. K. Nickell; Essay, Mrs. Alice Amyx; Open Door, W. H. Chambers; Selection, J. E. Childers; Recitation, Myrtle Johnson; First Experience as a Teacher, Taylor Shockey; Selection, J. C. Graham; Song, French Jones and Faley Long; Declaration, E. O. Taulbee; Letter of Travel, Lillie Rose; Declaration, Kelly Rose; Recitation, Malvery Smith; Motion Drill, Alice Amyx; Lecture on Civil Government, J. H. Risner; Essay, Ava Swingo; Arithmetic Among Primary Students, Willie Walter; Recitation, Lillie Evans; Letter of Adventure, Robert Day; Essay, Pat Walter; Declaration, Sam Kash; School Exhibits, Messrs. Walter and Shockey and Miss Minnie L. Day; Selection, Eli Kash; Literary Drill; R. K. Nickell; Address, H. C. Lacy, Supt.; Paper, Minnie L. Day; Music by drum, fife, violin and organ; Literature in the Public School, Prof. M. E. Marsh, of Berea College.

The program will begin at 9:30 a. m., after the rendering of which will be lunch, and then the crowd will take an excursion to the little tunnel, just above Lee City.

All are invited to come and bring a small lunch. We expect to make this the most interesting association in the country.

R. K. NICKELL, Vice-pres.
ALICE AMYX, Sec'y.

No one knows the unbearable torture, the peculiar and agonizing pain, caused by Piles, unless they have suffered from them. Many believe them incurable. This is a mistake. Proper treatment will cure them. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment is an infallible cure. Price 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

New Appointment in History.

Berea students will have much to anticipate and enjoy in the instruction and friendship of the newly elected Professor of History (and assistant in languages) Rev. Howard M. Jones, A. M.



PROF. HOWARD M. JONES, A. M.

Prof. Jones is the son of a Baptist minister in Indiana, a graduate of Oberlin and Chicago, and just returns from two years' study abroad upon a prize fellowship. He has had several years' experience as a college instructor, and in college and everywhere has made a remarkable record for scholarship and all the qualities which make a teacher popular.



PROF. J. W. DINSMORE.

Our last issue contained a notice of Prof. Dinsmore, the new Dean of our Normal Department, but the portrait was delayed. Our readers will see that he is a man to be respected, depended upon, and loved. All that his Nebraska friends have said about him Kentucky will say as soon as it gets acquainted with him!

THE SCHOOL.

The teachers' institute is a great lever for raising the standard of the profession. The up-to-date teacher is using "electric street car" methods. A few up-to-date teachers in any county soon raise the standard of the entire county. In the institute the up-to-date teacher has a chance to explain how he puts the best theories into practice, and to show how theories must be changed in order to be applicable in the country school. Without the energetic, pushing teachers the instructor's work would fall upon very skeptical and indifferent ears. It is the teacher who has the boldness of heart to go ahead, and put new theories into practice, pruning and fitting them to meet the needs of his school. One teacher who succeeds gives his fellow teachers courage and inspiration to attempt the same thing.

One frequently hears the criticism that many of the teachers who talk very fluently in the institute about the success of new methods go back to their schools and run along in the old ruts. Of course that is cowardly,

and we have more respect for the teacher who honestly states in the institute that he is anxious to use the very best methods which can be successfully adopted in his district, but that there are many theories advocated in the institute which he does not find practical.

The great value which comes from the institute is the suggestions thrown out which set the teachers to thinking. They must, in order to defend the methods they are using, perfect them so as to obtain as good results with the same amount of time and effort as the teacher who uses other methods. In this way better results are obtained even through the old methods than would be brought about without the institute. Then the institute puts many ideas and theories to work in every teacher's mind, and there is always a temptation to test some of them when the favorable opportunity presents itself. And many a teacher this year is doing his work better and easier through methods presented last year or the year before in the institute, which he considered impractical, but the experience of some teacher given in this year's institute has added the necessary faith.

Fellow teachers, let us encourage in every way the teachers' institute, and do everything in our power to enrich next year's institute with the very best suggestions which this year's work can afford. A carefully kept note book would be very helpful in this matter and exceedingly valuable to a teacher in many other ways. Let us remember that our successes and valuable experiences for the present year are things which can be given to every teacher next year, and may be more helpful to some fellow teacher who is struggling with the same problems than anything the instructor may have to offer.

This is our chief exhortation now—keep a note book recording your observations and experiences, and begin at once to collect material for next year's institute.

And one thing more—the institutes are about over, but the association meetings are coming. Let us be ready for them.

THE HOME.

Starting a New Home.

We were talking last week about what John was providing for his new home.

Mary has been no less industrious. With all her merry ways she has some brains in her head, and I believe she has been dreaming about starting a new home ever since she was eight years old!

"Tell us, Mary, what you have to start on. What did your folks give you to begin with?"

"Well, the folks just gave me a start in education. They sent me to Berea two terms one year, and three terms the next, and I reckon it cost them, with what I learned in that time myself, about a hundred dollars. It came a little at a time, and did not hurt them much. But it just set me up. The best of all I know about cooking, and making clothes, and taking care of sick folks, I learned at Berea. And that is the biggest thing that I shall bring into John's new house and mine—good housekeeping."

"Of course, I have always been weaving and saving up things, so that I have a heap of linen, and woolen blankets, and all such like."

"And after I had been at Berea I taught three schools, so that I had money to buy a cow, and a cabinet organ, and a stove and dishes, and a clock, and the things that make a home homelike. And I have fifty dollars left to use in time of need."

"Well done, Mary. We don't need to wish you joy in your new home—You have it sure!"

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. Mason, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Points of a Good Dairy Cow.

At the last National creamerymen's convention, Professor T. L. Haecker, of Minnesota, explained the principles involved in the selection of a dairy cow by the use of living models. He did not care whether the udder went well back or not, or well forward or not, or whether it was large or small. He looks first at the body, or barrel, to see if that is large and deep, and this is the measure of the cow's ability to digest and assimilate food. Next he looks at the thigh to see what disposition she makes of the food beyond the amount necessary for support. The more the thigh curves in, the cheaper will the cow produce each pound of butter. If she has a large barrel, he knows there is a communication from the throat to the barrel; that the food will go there and something will be done with the food nutrients. If the cow is fleshy and blocky, she puts these nutrients away as tallow in her tissues. If she is spare, angular ewenecked, cantamed, he knows she turns the nutrients into milk solids and puts them in the udder.

If the udder is large, she puts large quantities of water in it with the fat and other solids. If the udder is small, she puts the fats and other solids in the udder, because there is no other place to put them, and puts less water in the milk. This is a startling assertion, but Professor Haecker asserted that for six years every pound of food given to each cow has been weighed and every pound of milk and butter weighed and every pound of milk and butter weighed and every pound of milk and butter weighed and recorded and the facts without a single exception are as stated. Prominent milk veins, dish-shaped face, yellow ears inside, slim tail, full, square udder, etc., he declares, are points of no value. The only thing to know is that the cow has a spare, deep frame and small, thin quarters.—Dairy World.

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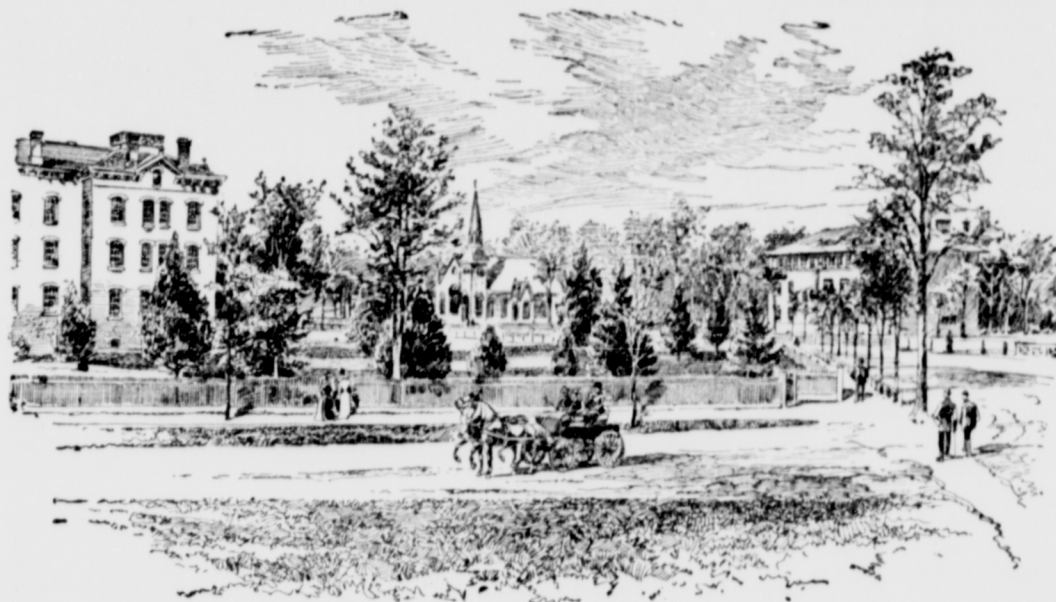
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